

JAY'S STRAIGHT TALK

UNPLUGGED AND UNCENSORED



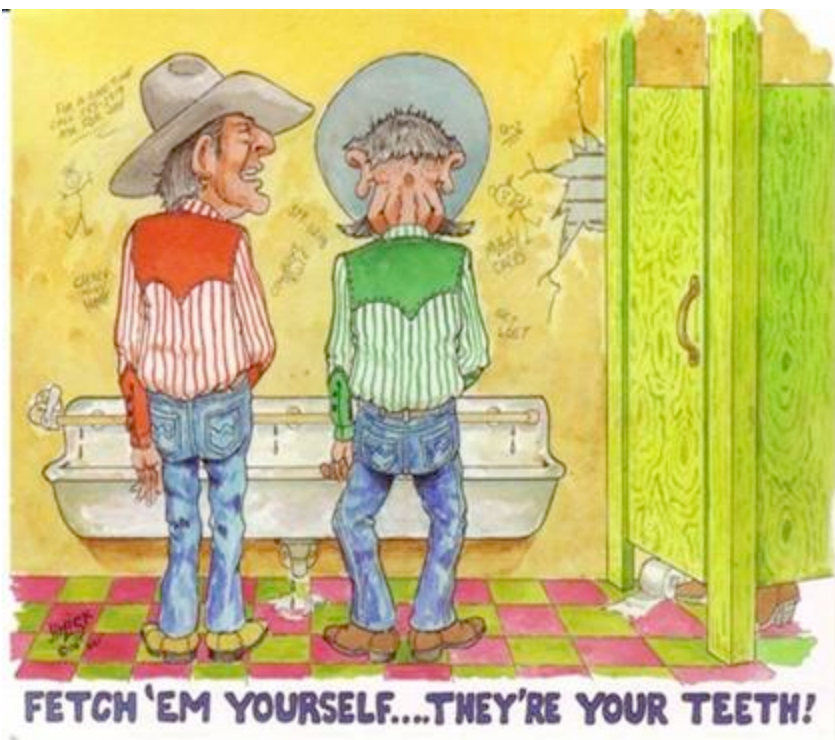
i CAN'T IMAGINE
MASTERING THE SKILLS
INVOLVED HERE WITHOUT
A CLEARER UNDERSTANDING
OF WHO'S GOING TO BE
IMPRESSED★



Straight Talk XVI Happy Thanksgiving November 18 2011

As we approach Thanksgiving, we've got much to give thanks for. Especially, I thank God for getting to know and befriend each of you, and for being granted the wonderful opportunity to make a difference in the lives of others, not just CEOs but their employees, families, shareholders, customers, and suppliers, through Vistage. Kudos to each of you on your continued success with your events, your new members, and your group launches. Happy Thanksgiving to all of you and your families. Today's thoughts and humor share insights on friendship, thanksgiving, the code of the West, biker humor, and the "bald eagle as America's" icon of strength and courage. All the best! Jay

FRIENDSHIP



Irish Luck!!

His name was Fleming, and he was a poor Scottish farmer. One day, while trying to make a living for his family, he heard a cry for help coming from a nearby bog. He dropped his tools and ran to the bog.

There, mired to his waist in black muck, was a terrified boy, screaming and struggling to free himself. Farmer Fleming saved the lad from what could have been a slow and terrifying death.

The next day, a fancy carriage pulled up to the Scotsman's sparse surroundings. An elegantly dressed nobleman stepped out and introduced himself as the father of the boy Farmer Fleming had saved.

'I want to repay you,' said the nobleman. 'You saved my son's life.'

'No, I can't accept payment for what I did,' the Scottish farmer replied waving off the offer. At that moment, the farmer's own son came to the door of the family hovel.

'Is that your son?' the nobleman asked.

'Yes,' the farmer replied proudly.

'I'll make you a deal. Let me provide him with the level of education my own son will enjoy. If the lad is anything like his father, he'll no doubt grow to be a man we both will be proud of.' And that he did.

Farmer Fleming's son attended the very best schools and in time, graduated from St. Mary's Hospital Medical School in London, and went on to become known throughout the world as the noted Sir Alexander Fleming, the discoverer of Penicillin.

Years afterward, the same nobleman's son who was saved from the bog was stricken with pneumonia.

What saved his life this time? Penicillin.

The name of the nobleman? Lord Randolph Churchill...His son's name?

Sir Winston Churchill.

Someone once said: What goes around comes around..

Work like you don't need the money.

Love like you've never been hurt.

Dance like nobody's watching.

Sing like nobody's listening.

Live like it's Heaven on Earth.

AN IRISH FRIENDSHIP WISH:

May there always be work for your hands to do;

May your purse always hold a coin or two;

May the sun always shine on your windowpane;

May a rainbow be certain to follow each rain;

May the hand of a friend always be near you;

May God fill your heart with gladness to cheer you.

And may you be in heaven a half hour before the devil knows you're dead.

No Thanksgiving Dinner

Tis the night before Thanksgiving and all through our house

No turkey is baking; I feel like a louse,

For I am all nestled, so snug in my bed;

I'm not gettin' up and I'm not bakin' bread.

No pies in my oven, no cranberry sauce

Cuz I give the orders, and I am the boss.

When out in the kitchen, there arose such a clatter

I almost got up to see what was the matter.

As I drew in my head and was tossing around

To the bed came my husband, he grimaced, he frowned.

And laying his finger aside of his nose,

He scared me to death and I thought, "Here he goes!"

He spoke not a word as he threw back my quilt

And the look that he gave was intended to wilt.

So up to the ceiling my pillows he threw

I knew I had had it, his face had turned blue.

"You prancer, you dodger, you're lazy, you vixen

Out yonder in kitchen, Thanksgiving you're fixin."

But he heard me explain, with my face in a pout:

"I'm just plain too tired and we're eating out!"

Contributed by: Mariane Holbrook

Thanksgiving Divorce

A man in Phoenix calls his son in New York the day before Thanksgiving and says, "I hate to ruin your day, but I have to tell you that your mother and I are divorcing; forty-five years of misery is enough.

"Pop, what are you talking about?" the son screams. We can't stand the sight of each other any longer," the father says. "We're sick of each other, and I'm sick of talking about this, so you call your sister in Chicago and tell her."

Frantic, the son calls his sister, who explodes on the phone. "Like heck they're getting divorced," she shouts, "I'll take care of this,"

She calls Phoenix immediately, and screams at her father, "You are NOT getting divorced. Don't do a single thing until I get there. I'm calling my brother back, and we'll both be there tomorrow. Until then, don't do a thing, DO YOU HEAR ME?" and hangs up.

The old man hangs up his phone and turns to his wife. "Okay," he says, "they're coming for Thanksgiving and paying their own way."

Code of the West (from a good friend)

I have lived up, down, in the middle and on both sides of the USA, but I was raised in the West. I'm not a farmer or rancher, but as I was growing up I had a chance to spend some time "learning the ropes" from my relatives who were. You had to be hardy, smart and tough to make it in either place. Savvy-skill-craft was prized and so was an even disposition. You had to hold up your end of the bargain or you were sent packin'.

There was also a code, an unwritten agreement that bracketed your conduct. Lying, cheating or stealing were absolute no-fly zones, and you had to offer the other guy a "fair chance" in just about everything you did. I know some people will pass off my code recollections as myth, but I was not hanging out in Hollywood with Alan Ladd, Gary Cooper or John Wayne - just with real people living real lives. In fact, responsible conduct was a major contributing factor to their sense of community and stewardship of the land. And, there was a word woven into their daily lives that is so old fashioned -- I feel compelled to dust it off just to use it in this sentence -- RECIPROCITY -- the "soul-coal" that stoked many barn raisings, harvests and roundups.

In light of the recent news of a MAJOR FAILURE of a football program's institutional leadership that dominated last week's headlines and Sunday's news programs, I thought it might be timely to share a few relevant "rules of the trail" that I know have been valuable to myself and others who aspired to become respectable, responsible citizens and leaders in their own right.

Be kind to kids and your horse.

Don't take any wooden nickels.

Own a sharp knife and a sharper set of eyes.

If you have some... share some to them that ain't got none.

If your best dog bites you more'n once... they ain't your best dog.

Doing the right thing ain't courage... it's just doing the right thing.

Don't make friends with rattlers... them that ain't got feet or them that do.

A "howdy" and a smile cost you nuthin'... don't make nobody pay to git one.

If you Rodeo... 8 seconds can change your life and if you don't... they still can.

An honest day's work for an honest day's dollar means a lot,

but your honest word means more.

Biker Humor

A tough looking group of bikers were riding when they saw a woman about to jump off a bridge, so they stopped.

The leader, a big burly man, gets off his bike and says,

"What are you doing?"

"I'm going to commit suicide," she says.

While he didn't want to appear insensitive, he didn't want to miss an opportunity either, so he asked... "Well, before you jump, why don't you give me a kiss?"

So she does... And it was a long, deep, lingering kiss.

After she's finished, the biker says, "Wow! That was the best kiss I've ever had! That's a real talent you are wasting. You could be famous. Why in the world would you want to commit suicide?"

"My parents don't like me dressing up like a girl....."

The authorities think she may have been pushed.

Watch the Eagle

This is a great one!!!

'Challenger' is his name
(in honor of the lost space shuttle crew)
& is cared for by the non-profit
American Eagle Foundation (AEF).

He's a 'human-socialized' bird accidentally raised by the people who rescued Him - after being blown from a wild Louisiana nest in a storm as a baby in the late 1980's. Declared 'non-releasable' by federal and state wildlife Authorities, he was trained by the AEF to perform educational free-flight demonstrations at high profile public events.

He's the first Bald Eagle in U.S. History that learned to free-fly into Stadiums, arenas and ballrooms during the singing of the Star Spangled Banner. The celebrity eagle has appeared at numerous major sporting events like the World Series, Pro-Bowl, All-Star game, BCS National Championship, Fiesta Bowl, Men's Final Four, etc.

This eagle named Challenger has also flown before 4 U.S. Presidents!

His life story is told in a children's storybook

CLICK ON THE BELOW SITE titled '*Challenger, Americas Favorite Eagle*'
FOR AN INSPIRING PRESENTATION:

**Click here: YouTube - Bald Eagle Music
Video "This Is America" (AEF)**

http://www.youtube.com/watch_popup?v=oOZF4vTAF2M&vq=medium